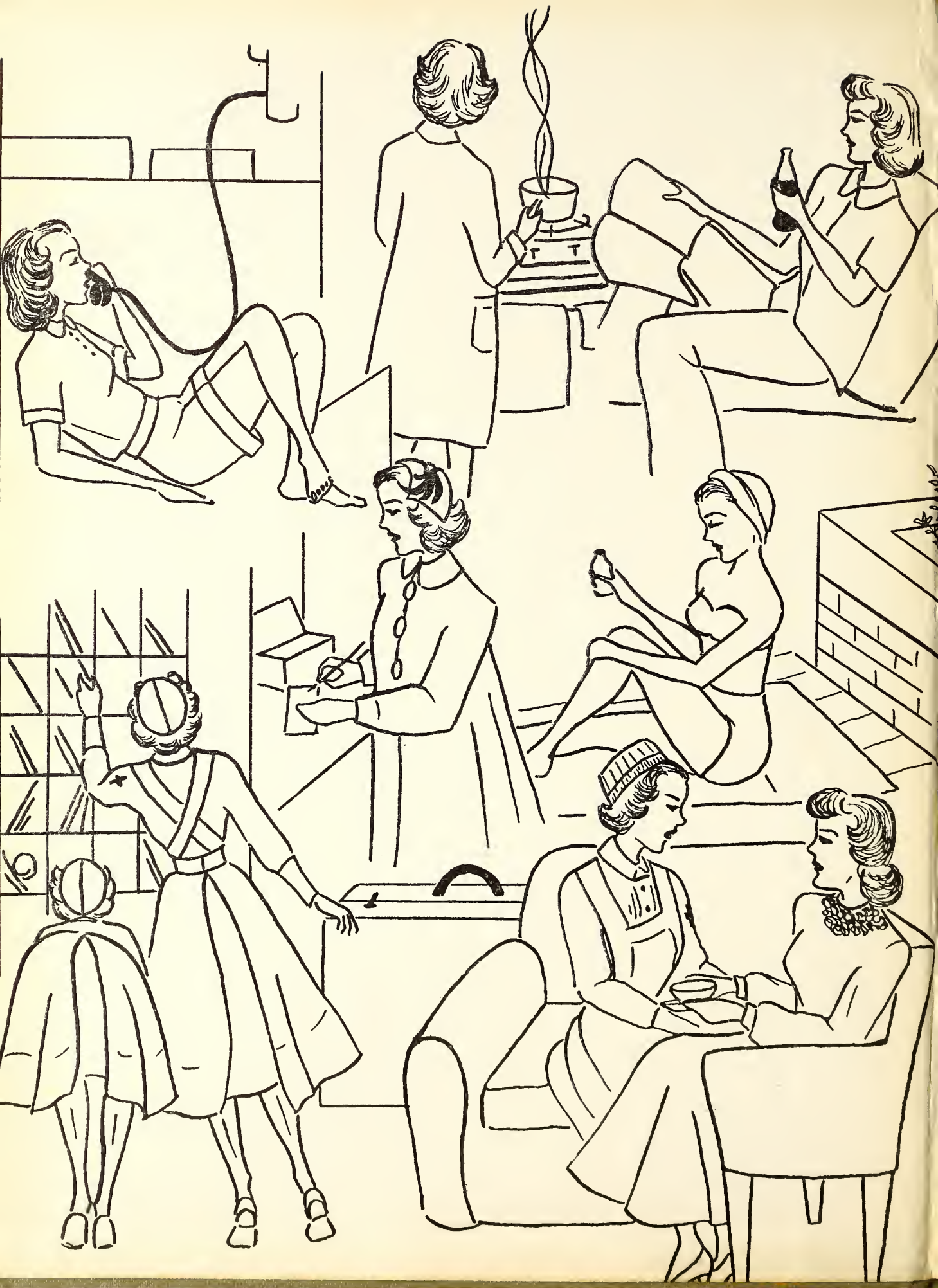
Cap and Cross

1949

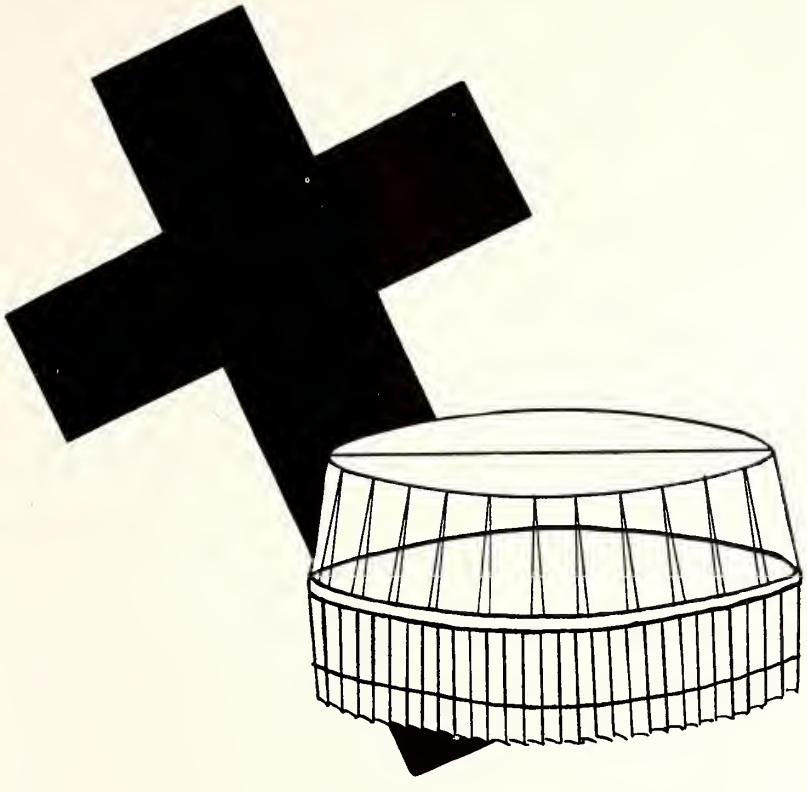


To Miss Madeline McConnell

Our Director

In Sincere Appreciation

From the class of 1949



Cap and Cross

1949

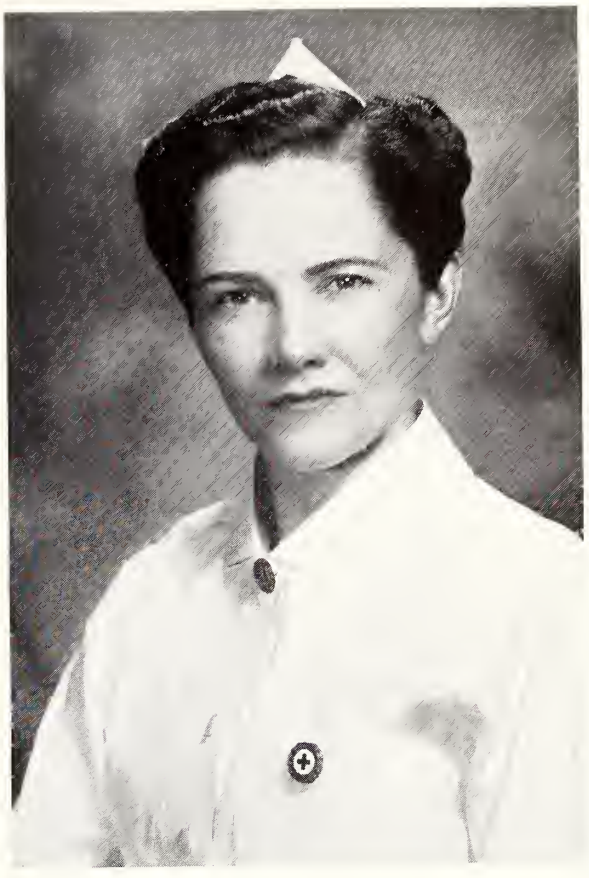
St. Luke's School of Nursing

Chicago • Illinois

We should like to take you on this backward glance of our days at St. Luke's.

We, the Seniors, look into the mirror and remember some of our past experiences, the things we think of as we near the end of our three years.

Always foremost in our minds is the day that we were capped; but . . .



Dedication

In our early months as student nurses, we learn the basic principles of nursing that will guide us through our later professional years. In order that we may master the important procedures which are necessary in our work as nurses, we must be guided by someone whose personality and teachings are an inspiration to us. During the past four years, Miss Elizabeth H. Wright has been our Nursing Arts Instructor and has worked with us closely on our basic techniques of nursing, as well as with us on our other school activities.

Miss Wright has served on the CGA council and committees for the past three years —helping to strengthen the school in many ways. She has contributed immensely to this book, since she has served as one of our faculty advisers. We have gained from her personal guidance and her class sponsorship of the 49B's will always be remembered.

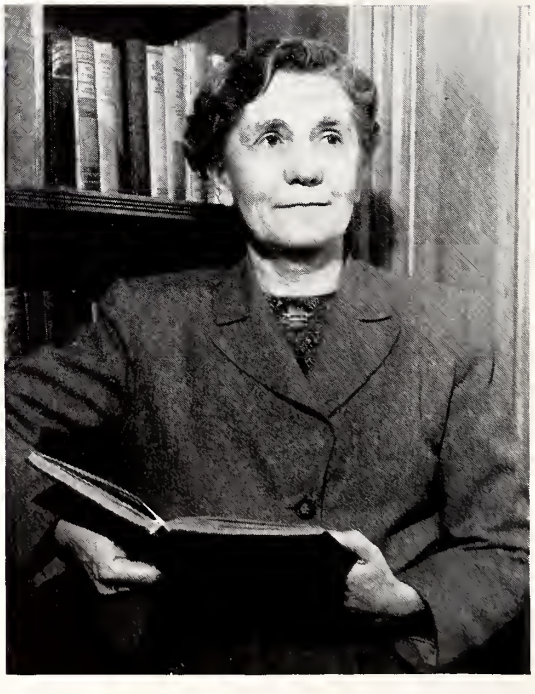
We are proud to dedicate this book to her.

Yearbook Staff

Editors:	Dorothy Dimock
	Joyce Heacock
Business:	Jane Nottelmann
Art:	Mae Mae Ebinger
Make-up:	Muriel Moss
Literary Editor:	Laurie Belle DeLong
Photography:	Gharyl Frye
	Rosemary Rearick

our first uniform starts us on our way. We . . .

Mr. Leo Lyons



Miss Madeleine McConnell

Asst. Directors:

Miss Gilbert
Miss Rudolph
Mrs. Bell
Miss Cardew
(From left to right)

Supervisors:

Sitting—Miss Kelly, Miss Gindele, Miss Ante, Mrs. Yrke, Miss Sollitt, Mrs. Richardson, Miss Johnson, Miss Konecko, Miss Coffin, Miss Steinke, Miss Berger.

Standing—Miss Yeomans, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Van de Steeg, Miss Meyers, Miss Gooch, Mrs. Rutherford, Miss Maliszewski.

Missing—Miss Tieges, Miss Kennhl.

Preclinical Faculty

Seated—Miss Witt, Mrs. Caleca, Mrs. Mateo, Miss Cardew.
Back row—Miss Wright, Mr. Gdalman, Miss Montgomery, Miss Campbell.

Secretaries

Seated—Miss Foley, Mrs. Becker.
Standing—Mrs. Wickland, Miss Meehan, Miss Colberg.

Head Nurses

Seated, left to right:

Front row—Mrs. Ashby, Miss Reid, Miss Traas.

Second row—Miss Colberg, Miss Moench, Miss Orlik, Miss Everett, Miss Mortell, Miss Bulow, Miss Stansbury, Miss Geddo, Mrs. Unterborn, Miss Schatska, Miss Brown, Miss Miller, Mrs. Barnard.

Standing—Miss Ehrhardt, Miss DeMars, Mrs. Ashton, Miss Rae, Miss Kroncke, Miss Gaulke, Miss Scott, Miss Marske, Miss Zeeman, Mrs. Elghammer, Miss Ledyard, Mrs. Narva, Miss Dwyer, Miss Wolf, Miss Johnson.

Hostesses

Left to right—Mrs. Hurn, Miss McQuillan, Mrs. Anderson.

Preclinical Students

First row (seated on floor)—Spohn, Leach, King, Pierson, Burke, Butler, Frost, Wojniak.

Second row (seated)—Groat, Porter, Riha, Shaddon, Polmanteer, May, Galbraith, Adkins, Crago, Hobart, Heyer.

Third row (standing)—Yoakum, Bobak, Quick, Herzog, Marshall, Elbert, Anderson, Haines, Adams, Wolfe, Dommick, Rushton, Devine, Schneider.

1951B

First row—Del Magro, Hersekorn, Kubasik, Jensen, Bethig.

Second row—Dixon, Douglas, L. Hansen, Bruce, Schmidt, Price, Nikkila, Henderson.

Third row—Burroughs, Wells, Howle, Bianchi, Fujihara, Stephens, Shaw, Radde, Erwin, Kellan, Outram, Yeomans, Comstock, Weygandt, Brooks, Gray.

Back row—Smith, Kappe, Glaw, Brooke, Clegg, Hazlet, May, J. Hansen, Schroeder, Polacek, Myroup, Gilbo, Focke, Wilke, Hallberg.

1951A

First row—Keebler, McGillivary, Modlinski.

Second row—Duhigg, Gosha, Hansen, Weeks, Lenhart, Ellis, Pistilli, Lind.

Third row—Swatek, Newman, Knezivich, Howran, Fredberg, Berner, Paepke.

1950A

Seated—Knapp, Curtis, Hoffine, Nygard, Campbell.

Standing—Nevers, Rinne, Brannon, Schlener, Rosford.

1950B

On floor—Santay, Dunblazer, Dressendorfer, Brown, Moeller, Bowen.

Second row, seated—Jessup, Mills, Ashton, Perry, Lind, Camel, Vetter, Spohn, Bakke, Peterson, Jorgenson, Wade, Dahlenberg, Elliot.

Back row, standing—Whitten, Braner, Hathaway, Carlson, Deuth, Maurer, Troyer, Fairbank, Lemkuil, Worthington, McIsaac, Waller, Wiebe, Childs.

remember our days in specialties - - professional and embarrassing. Then . . .

Diet Kitchen

Six weeks in the D.K.—our first specialty.
Weighed diets, nourishments, glucose and tea.
Diets to write, prunes to purée.
"Left over" malts when the dietician's away.

Operating Room

Then came the O.R. We dreaded it so.

Junior duties for nine whole days in a row!

The aroma of cysts, nights all alone.

The east room to clean—hands scrubbed to the bone.

Obstetrics

Primips and multips—"she's dilated six"

Heart tones, contractions, the delivery room quick

On call all night and up all the next day

You surely must have guessed that this was O.B.

Pediatrics

Children everywhere you looked—little bits of heaven.
The wails from Room Nine and the fights in Room Seven,
The questions they asked, the stories they told,
Their faces were always a sight to behold.

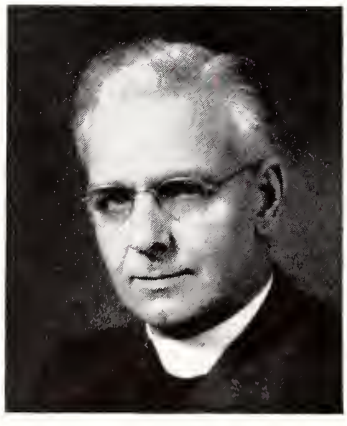
Psychiatry

Last of all comes psycho with locks on every door
Insulin and EST's, neuroses by the score
Bridge games and ping pong, rounds alone at night
Clothes to mark—and something more—not one signal light.

VNA Contage

Two months at contage, and for some—VNA.
Then back to the floors—linen cuffs on display.
Our days are now numbered, the end is in sight
Sure hope it comes soon—M-15 shift tonight.

we reminisce over the numerous social activities. Our . . .



The Chapel

has been the location for all the milestones of our nursing career. Each service, beginning with our first evening at St. Luke's, then probie uniform service, capping, Junior crosses, Senior linens, Baccalaureate, and closing with the Going Out Service, has inspired us to rededicate ourselves.

We are deeply thankful to Father Travis who has so willingly led our services and those every Wednesday evening. With its peaceful, quiet serenity, the chapel remains a monument of faith and encouragement.

SAINT LUKES
NURSING SCHOOL

Hamper Staff

Standing—Mary Brooks, Elinore Birkholz, Mary Lou Jessup (*Editor*), Lois Hunter, Maxine Trayer.

Seated—Mary Ellen Scott, Elizabeth Fredburg, Mrs. Virginia Caleca, Jean Lind, Gretchen Brown.

C.G.A.

C.G.A. stands for the student governing body. Through the Cooperative Government Association students may lend a helping hand in making the rules that determine late leaves, school activities and those ever present proctor marks and infractions.

The C.G.A. council is composed of—

President—Marian Gerken

1st Vice president—Betty Hoffine

2nd Vice president—Colleen Comitts

Secretary—Doris Mills

Treasurer—Gladys Nygard

Jr. Rep. to C. S. N. A.—Coralie Maurer

Editor of "Hamper"—Mary Lou Jessup

Co-editors of Yearbook { Dorothy Dimock / Joyce Heacock

and representatives from each class.

These meetings are held monthly under the guidance of our faculty advisors, Miss Georgiana Kelly, Miss Marie Steinke and Miss Jean Coffin.

Tri-annual meetings are held during the year for all students to attend. These meetings are both stimulating and interesting.

HOUSE OF CORRECTION

Surgery

Within these cold gray walls there dwells
A spirit of history that never tells,
Of surgery past, of doctors old,
Of operations never told.

The patient passes through the door
What hopes, what future lies in store?
The doctor grimly shakes his head
The patient sighs—he's almost dead.

An interne smart, but really dumb
Starts to prep and then things hum.
Towels, clips, and sheets galore.
"Oh, heavens Susy—not on the floor"

Well mistakes will be made but surgery goes on,
As the doctor's forehead fixes a frown,
"Scapel please," with a sarcastic sneer,
You hand him a hemostat—you really didn't hear.

The grad in charge eyes you coldly
Oh dear! and you thought you had done so nobly
The hours pass, will they never stop?
It's way after lunch, it says by the clock.

At last the doctor sews the skin
No not plain O, that's really too thin.
"An alcohol sponge," as you hand him a wet lap,
My heavens, girl, for a nurse you're a sap.

The sheets are pulled off, the dressing applied
After this operation you'd better hide.
But the doctor smiling comes up to you,
"A fine job, nurse." No, this can't be true!

Bev Zwick

To and of A Student Nurse

O, why is fate so cruel to me
To make me fall like this,
A girl I never, never see
And always always miss.

It breaks my heart to hear her say
With voice so soft and sweet
"I'm sorry, can't get off today—
Am rushed quite off my feet."

A nurse's life is hard to take,
Especially for me,
Cause it's my heart she will break
If I will let it be.

You're a brave and noble girl, my dear,
To finish what you start;
You have my blessings on your career—
But give me back my heart.

To any man who reads this verse
I've only this to say—
Don't fall in love with a student nurse—
She can never get away!

The White Organdy Cap

Alone I stood, it was quiet without,
It didn't seem that a soul was about;
Looked from my mirror to the books on my bed,
I worked for that organdy cap on my head.

We all had to study, and often quite late,
Before the exams which decided our fate.
I'm glad now of all the volumes I read
'Cause I wanted an organdy cap on my head.

"I got it, I got it," I shouted that day,
And vowed there was nothing would stand in my way:
Though I tired and was sure my feet were of lead
I thought with a smile of the cap on my head.

We complained of the pleats when they wouldn't lay straight,
Wished the end of ruching would just match its mate;
"I'd never exchange it," we've tenderly said,
"None can equal that organdy cap on my head."

And so much it means to me! It is true,
The cap, the cross, the pin gold and blue,
In the way of good nursing, I'll surely be led
With the pleated white organdy cap on my head!

St. Luke's School Song

Oh, sing the praise of dear St. Luke's.
Shout till the rafters ring.
Stand and drink a toast once again,
Let every loyal Luke's nurse sing.
Then cheer to all the happy hours,
Sing to the care-free days.
Dear St. Luke's, our alma mater,
The school of our hearts always.

To the cap, to the cross, to the whites and their glorious happiness,
To the youth, to the fire, to the life that is moving and calling us,
To the hopes, to the goals, to the service of God and humanity,
To the hearts, to the minds, of those who have traveled this way.

Probie Days

We are the Probies of Class '49
How sorry one feels for the patients assigned
To each one of us who can never find
The right things to do just at the right time.

First we have classes—so many to face
We listen to lectures—how fast is the pace
Micro, Anatomy, Chemistry and more
Next come the words in how high we must score.

Miss Brown they say a patient in ten
Needs a hypo—well don't stand there and grin
The very first time—gee whiz—real skin
But hopes are high and trying hard—it won't go in.

Here comes our chance an enema in six
We rush right out our solutions to mix
Thirty minutes are up and it did no good
Ah—still in the can the solution stood.

There are always baths and more baths to give
Till we really doubt if it is worth it to live
The women want things just as they say
You come near the men, they yell—go away!

Next come the internes down the hall
Eyes fixed upon them head nurses, probie, bedpan and all
Lie flat on the floor—a terrible fall
The looks of an interne there should be a law.

Have courage they say, there are patients of men
What do we find—he is seventy and ten
Everything wrong—that's how it seemed
The life of a nurse—this we had never dreamed.

Our troubles are many and close between
But we wouldn't give up how bad it may seem
For time went on—graduation day came
A registered nurse—what a glorified name.

Donnie Duncan

Schweppe House

Schweppe House with all its light, cheer, gracious living and comfort comes rightly by its name. To those of us who had the privilege of knowing Mr. Charles H. Schweppe, the name of the House always brings to mind the vivid personality of the man who was most responsible for its being. To those of our family who are privileged to live or to have lived, in Schweppe, and who did not know Mr. Schweppe, may I say that you have touched a bit of his spirit if you have absorbed the intent and purpose of the House as I am sure you have. But for you I would like to try to give a little picture of Mr. Schweppe as he worked in and about St. Luke's. I was not privileged to know Mrs. Schweppe, but her influence permeates St. Luke's in all its work, and through her sister, Mrs. Stanley Keith, and through Mr. and Mrs. Schweppe's children, Mrs. A. Watson Armour III and Dr. John Shedd Schweppe, we know of her fine purpose and character.

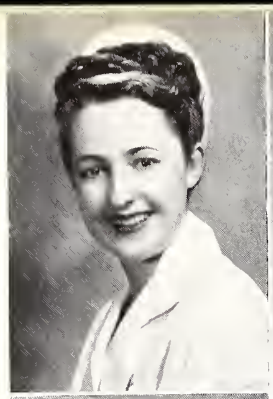
In 1939, when I came to St. Luke's, Mr. Schweppe was President of our Board of Trustees. There was not a nook or cranny of St. Luke's that Mr. Schweppe didn't care about; after symphony concerts Thursday nights he was often in the hospital, standing by in the emergency room impressing upon the police, the young doctors and nurses the need for gentleness in handling some forlorn person who had met with an accident; stopping in the dining room to talk to night personnel, but really wanting to see that the food was satisfactory; appearing at the desk of a night nurse to inquire how some very ill patient, of whom he knew, was standing the night. Always interested in the practical aspects of administration, but most interested in the kind of people who were guilding the course of St. Luke's, the kind of teaching that was going on, the kind of young doctors and young nurses who were taking advantage of the educational opportunities a great teaching hospital offers, the kind of ideals they had for the practice of medicine and of nursing and the way in which they fulfilled their duties.

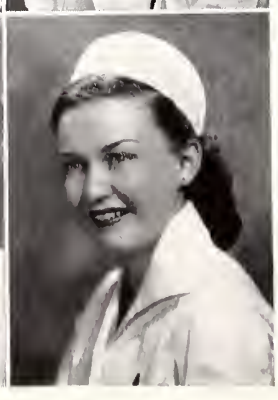
Mr. Schweppe's business took him often to New York and Boston. It was no unusual occurrence for him to stop in Mr. Wordell's office (then director of the hospital) to tell him that the wife or child of a porter on the train, who had some illness that needed special attention, would be coming to the hospital and that the bill was to be sent to him. One day about a week before Christmas, Mr. Schweppe came to the nursing office to see if there wasn't some student in the school who needed specially to go home for Christmas but for whom the trip home would be too expensive. We knew right away who should have that privilege—a student whose home was in one of the mountain states, only a few weeks previous there had been a death in the family and her father had wired her that it didn't seem wise for her to have the money to come home. The student had stayed in the school, facing her sorrow with great courage—imagine her joy when we could tell her that for a special Christmas gift Mr. Schweppe was arranging her trip home!

Mr. Schweppe was very much concerned about the students' living quarters. The Saranacs, apartment buildings on Michigan Avenue owned by the hospital, had been put up during the World's Fair in 1893, not very soundly built. Many students lived there. They were truly inadequate and a source of worry to all of us. In 1926 the hospital had plans for a new residence but the depression made building impossible. In 1940 Mr. Schweppe and the Board decided that a new residence was essential. Even then there were war clouds on the horizon, it would be financially unsound to build without actual cash on hand. The Board appointed a campaign committee and Mr. Schweppe spent much of his time visiting possible donors, even flying to California to make certain one large gift. Mr. Schweppe once said to me, "I'll not be satisfied to give up the Presidency of the Board until the new nurses' residence is complete." Mr. Schweppe died in August, 1941, much of the money was raised and the plans completed. The new residence was dedicated May 21, 1943, the name—Laura and Charles Schweppe Memorial. As we pass in and out and enjoy the light, cheer, gracious living and comfort of Schweppe, the spirit of the man who did so much to make it possible can shed a radiance to guide us, if we but open our hearts and minds to the same dedication that guided his life.

Madeline McConnell

glance proudly turns to the day we don our whites. For . . .





Loie Anderson—"*Andy*"—EU-gene

Bonnie Baker—

Pearl Barwick—"*Buff*"—These men!

Elaine Bigger—"*Be-guérre*"—How smooth can you be?

Elinor Birkholz—"*Onnie*"—If that's Paul, tell him I've gone to Arabia.

Ruth Bonthron—"*Bonnie*"—Get that phone!

Barbara Brown—"*Brownie*"—Just mention my name.

Donna Clark—"*Clarkie*"—Well, I haven't studied at all.

Marybeth Coleman—"*Marybeth*"—Shift? Not again!

Joan Crabtree—"*J. R.*"—Do we have to pass this course?

Laura DeLong—"*Lolly*"—Bill? Which one?

Dorothy Dimock—"*Dottie*"—Won't you write this article for the Hamper?

Phyllis Easter—"*Phyl*"—That reminds me of a story.

Mar Mae Ebinger—"*Ebby*"—I don't know a thing about this test.

Lorraine Ferro—"*Lorrie*"—No thanks, I just brushed my teeth.

Elaine Fischer—"*Elaine*"—They're argyls! What do they look like?

Gharyl Frye—"Geree"—Check on me in the A.M.

Patricia Gerhard—"*Pattie*"—You fo' me baby.

Marian Gerken—"*Gerk*"—Shut up!

Louise Giertsen—"*Lou*"—Tom!

Alice Grimson—"*Peachy*"—Bless your little pointed head.

Dorothy Hall—"*Dotty*" —I don't get it!

Joan Harlan—"*Joanie*"—Well, I mean!

Harriet Haugen—"*Wiz*"—You think *yours* is bad!

Norma Hayes—"*Normie*"—It will be ready two weeks from today.

Joyce Heacock—"*Jo Lea*"—Gotta pack my grip an' git!

Katherine Hoeltje—"*Kay*"—Just used another 30 minutes of my grace.

Mary Lou Jenkinson—"*Roomer*"—Censored!

Dorothy Knezevich—"*Sneezy*"—A date? I'll see what I can do.

Betty Jo Kraud—"*B. J.*"—I got this at a discount.

Elnor Kuhlman—"*Sis*"—Come on kiddies, it's time to get up.

Elaine Lindquist—"*Elaine*"—Who's got my turtle?

Lois McCoy—"*L. D.*"—Blowing up a big storm.

Mary Lee Morgan—"*Marylee*"—He's just my Bill.

Muriel Moss—"*Susie*"—How I love those kids.

Virginia Meyers—"*Gini*"—I think I'll wear my red blouse.

Jane Nottelmann—"*Jane*"—If anybody wants me, I'll be on M-17.

Phyllis Paddock—"*Phyllos*"—We'll just relax and enjoy ourselves.

Katherine Price—"*Katy*"—I'm going out with a friend.

Rosemary Rearick—"*Skeeter*"—Must write to L. T. tonight.

Elizabeth Roosen—"*Betty Lou*"—I forgot how it ended!

Elizabeth Ross—"*Betsy*"—Come on into my room.

Patricia Russell—"*Pat*"—Golly, that's beautiful.

Delores Sailor—"*Dee*"—Who's turn is it to make the cocoa?

Barbara Schinbeckler —"*Shin*"—I've got plenty of time.

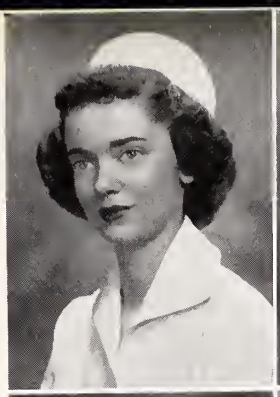
Margaret Schipplock—"*Marge*"—I've got to call home now.

Marian Schulze—"*Joanie*"—It's natural of course.

Ruth Schulze—"*Ruthie*"—Mrs. William Maxim.

Jean Schweitzer—"*Jeanie*"—Oh Ya!

Eleanor Spliethoff—"*Ars*"—I came here to be a nurse!

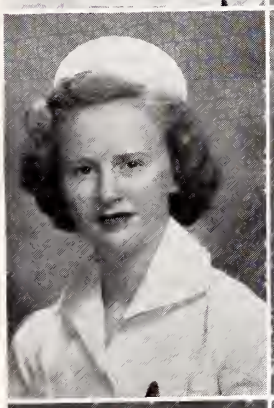


Lois Stafford—"*Torchy*"—Wot hoppened?

Muriel Stewart—"*Mur*"—They used to tell me I had the best looking legs on Lake Forest campus.

Lois Thayer—"*Lois*"—Oh, my man, I love him so!

Barbara Thorup—"*Mother*"—Did my *boy* call while I was gone?



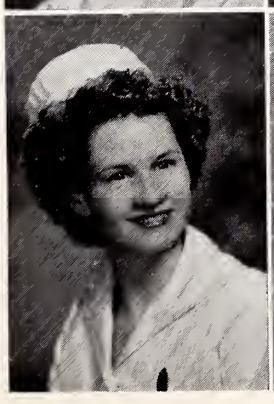
Barbara Tretheway—"*Treth*"—Will just called.

Barbara Wagman—"*Wags*"—Drop dead!

Jean Watson—"*Watty*"—Has anyone got their class dues?

Joan Weiss—"*Weiss*"—Be ready in a MINUTE—I have to put on my lipstick.

Marion Wellnitz — "*Walnuts*" — Had a rough weekend.



Hope Josephine Wilhelm—"*Hope*" —What, chili again?

Jean Young—"*Weanie*" — There will be a class meeting Monday at 8:00 P.M.

Beverly Zwick—"*Zwickie*"—Is that my buzzer?

Class Will

We, the class of 1949, St. Luke's Hospital, being of supposedly sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath our various possessions to needy underclassmen:

Loie Anderson leaves her aversion to Main Eleven to someone who LIKES to split the floor every day.

Pearl Barwick wills her skill in bridge to any would-be card shark.

Elaine Bigger leaves her North Carolina correspondence to anyone who also likes corn pone and hominy grits.

Onnie Birkholz wills her height to Helen Osborne.

Ruth Bonthron wills her bed in the infirmary to anyone needing a rest.

Barbara Brown leaves her r-e-a-c-h to Elsie Nikkila.

Donna Clark wills her low resistance to infection to Lucy Pistilhi.

Marybeth Coleman's rosy cheeks are left to the infirmary to be used prn.

Joan Crabtree leaves her astounding capacity for sleep while working nights to Gladys Nygard.

Laura DeLong leaves her housekeeping abilities to Mrs. Grey as a note of warning.

Dorothy Dimock wills her "little secrets" to anyone who can keep them.

Phyllis Easter wills her pep and energy to Jean Howren.

Mar Mae Ebinger leaves her chickenpox to future classes at MCDH.

Lorry Ferro leaves her scholastic ability to anyone on condition.

Elaine Fischer leaves her make-up time to the school of nursing.

Geree Frye wills her success as class president to future classes in need of leadership.

Patricia Gerhardt wills her appetite to Dr. R. K. Jones.

Marion Gerken leaves her executive abilities to the future president of C. G. A.

Lou Giertsen wills her good taste in clothes to all wishful students.

Peachy Grimson wills her giggles and good humor to Mr. Zabel.

Dotty Hall wills her ability to completely miss the point of any joke to Marty Brannon.

Joan Harlan leaves her numerous dates to all dateless Schweppe ladies.

Wiz Haugen leaves her T. and A. to any underclassman looking for a place to spend a vacation . . . Main 13.

Norma Hayes leaves her booming cap business to DeDe Ellis.

Jo Lea Heacock leaves her legible printing to all interns and residents.

Kay Hoeltje wills her frequent nights out to Doris MacGillivary.

Mary Lou Jenkinson leaves her love of music to Connie Bakke.

Dorothy Knezevich leaves her personality to all student nurses—we all need that "extra lift" at times.

Betty Kraud leaves her discount to anyone who wants to get it wholesale.

Sis Kuhlmann wills her long, long engagement to anyone who can stand the strain.

Elaine Lindquist leaves her naturally blonde hair to Sue Frost.

Lois McCoy wills her Skimos to Maurie Focke.

Mary Lee Morgan wills her walk to the Easter Parade.

Muriel Moss leaves her charm to the Patricia Stevens girls.

Gini Myers wills her table at the Chez Paree to Coralie Mauer.

Jane Nottelmann wills 17-1707 to anyone who needs it.

Phyllis Paddock wills the secret of her married bliss to any underclassman willing to take the plunge so early in the season.

Katie Price wills her blue eyes to Polly Palmenter.

Rosie Rearick leaves her loud guffaw to anyone who wants to bring down the house in future lectures.

Betty Roosen wills her trailer in Michigan to all future University wives.

Elizabeth Ross leaves her sewing to the 47-A's.

Pat Russell leaves her whirlwind courtship to any underclassman as lucky as she.

Dee Sailor wills her small feet to Mary Lou Jessup.

Barbara Schinbeckler leaves her voice to Mrs. Harry Walsh as a challenge.

Margaret Schipplock wills her 5 changing days to someone to use as Marge couldn't.

Marian Schulze leaves her sweaters to Colleen Committs.

Ruth Schulze wills her betrayal to all underclassmen with secrets to keep.

Jean Schweitzer leaves her speed on the floors to those wishing wings.

Ars Spliethoff leaves her eyebrows to Juanita Howell.

Lois Stafford leaves her big blue eyes to Virginia Modlinski.

Mur Stewart wills her spastic temperament to Darcy Smith.

Lois Thayer leaves her faithfulness to the writer of "You Can't Be True, Dear."

Barbara "Mother" Thorup wills her nickname to Barbara McMillan.

Barb Tretheway leaves her tiny voice to Ruth Polacek.

Barbara Wagman leaves her barbershop to any longhair in the following classes.

Jean Watson wills her reading to the "Book of the Month Club" subscribers.

Joan Weiss leaves her appreciation of medical men to Carol Perry.

Marion Wellnitz leaves her generosity with her packages from home to all future starving students.

Hope Wilhelm wills her chili recipe to St. Luke's chefs.

Jean Young leaves her red flannels to the night watchman.

Beverly Zwick wills her suntan to Ran Nevers.

The entire class of '49 leaves their collection of hairnets to all the underclassmen with their shoulder length bobs, and their numerous diamonds to all underclassmen with an empty third-finger left hand.

Prophecy

Traveling with television in 1959. It hardly seems possible that these '49ers lived for 3 years in the same place and now they are so widely dispersed.

As we travel East we may catch Marion Gerken or Jane Nottelmann on another of their speech making tours for the League of Nursing. After ten years Marion still hasn't run out of breath and Jane still hasn't run out of paper for her treasurer's reports.

Ah, the wonders of television! Nome, Alaska! There's Donna Clark and Lorrie Ferro—Visiting Nurses for the eskimos. And to think they got their start one cold and blurry December in Chicago.

We also see Mr. and Mrs. Charles La Roache (the former Mary Lou Jenkinsson) who had to give up their radio station in Colorado by popular demand. The eskimos seem to enjoy their serenading.

The station's fading so now for a little local color we drop in the "Hut Chile" on Route 66, for an interview with Hope Wilhelm who's trying to make it hot for the Police force.

She tells us Mary Lee Morgan is reading "Cheaper By the Dozen," and Lois Thayer in downstate Illinois is rising early to count her chickens. Also Mary Beth Coleman is trying to keep her mind on the Warsaw Concerto while model airplanes are zooming overhead.

We're interrupted now by some foreign stations which seem to be quite popular with the new improvements of television.

Here's Venezuela. Sis Kuhlmann Currie and her engineer husband can really swing a mean ax. They say that if they don't, their home will become a vine-covered cottage, jungle fashion.

Now we contact Geree Frye in Saudi Arabia who has just talked to Fudo in Chile. Geree says, "We plan on marriage in a few years."

For the lighter side of life, Bermuda comes into view. Who are those bronzed creatures lying on the sands? Why Gini Myers and Joanie Harlan. What? First vacation in 10 years? Oh, come now, girls.

A little west we see Elaine Bigger in her North Carolina home. She certainly can "You-all" like a real rebel.

Cruising the southern states in her cream convertible, we see Dorothy Kenezevich on her second honeymoon. It seems she ran into Joan Crabtree in Virginia. Joan, after traveling from continent to continent in search of Riley, finally found him there. They now have five children and are living the "Life of Riley."

Turn that dial to the mining town of Ironwood, Michigan, which plays host to Barbara Tretheway who has just returned from the salt mines of Siberia. She isn't digging ore—just digging along Silver Street in nearby Hurley.

She and her good friend, Betty Lou Roosen, are comparing notes with Jean Young on the furnishing of their fourth trailers to fit the needs of their expanding families.

This travelogue would not be complete without a quick trip through the old Alma Mater.

Mar Mae Ebinger, now Director of Nurses at St. Luke's, is working on a plan that she hopes will revolutionize nursing—how to make graduates work.

Unable to tear herself away from Main 11, Loie Anderson is now first-assistant to the pantry maid.

On Main 13 Elaine Fischer is now the head of health service.

Joan Weiss, after her post-graduate course in geriatrics, is lecturing to the interns on Main 3.

Susie Moss is tearing her hair trying to keep the kids on Main 8 from falling out of their cribs. Dee Sailor is there to pick up the pieces if they do.

Ruth Schulze Maxim has filled the new post of Marriage Counselor for Student Nurses.

Lois Stafford and Katie Price have just been elected House Mothers of Main 4 for the tenth consecutive year.

In Schweppe Pattie Gerhard is still telling of her future trips to California, Hines, and the navy.

We switch to the Capitol, Washington, D. C. Barb Brown has just been appointed Commander-in-chief of Sick Bay.

Eleanor Spliethoff and Jean Schweitzer are forming a strong lobby to get

the legislature to pass a workers' compensation act for student nurses.

Now for some social news.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolff (former Lois McCoy) are shown with another little wolf. This adds one more to their pack.

We find our little mother, Marge Schipplock, in her home at the christening of little Marge. On this solemn occasion, little Bobbie is pulling down the curtains and little Allen is crawling on the piano keys.

Rosemary Rearick Tiede is busy entertaining faculty members every night in her quonset hut.

Betty Jo Kraud Griswold, prominent social matron, seems to be in the midst of another one of her annual garden parties. It is the social event of the season.

Louie Anderson, Professor of Mathematics at Iowa State and his wife (the former Pat Russell) are multiplying.

Louise Giertsen having previously passed her state boards has settled for one Board—namely, Tom.

Have you read the latest medical text? "The Perils of Paregoric" by G. I. Bonthron.

The socially prominent and wealthy Muriel Stewart has been donating millions to "1521 S. Michigan."

Bevie Zwick, What's-her-name-now, has just obtained her final decree in Reno, Nevada.

Elaine Lindquist and her Ben are chaperoning dances at the U of I infirmary. They are waiting for his graduation.

Betsy Ross has made her debut at the New York Civic Opera House.

Dorothy Dimock at Elgin Institution just completed her sequel to the "Snake Pit." It promises to be a book of the month.

Harriet Haugen is busily collecting all stray cats and dogs so that Jocko's business will boom—when he finishes school.

This completes the television news broadcast and we'll travel again.

Here's a Kentucky station.

Jean Watson is seen studying up on Atomic Research while her husband packs the caves with radioactive material.

What's this? Katherine Hoeltje on a Horse! The class's one and only nurse on horseback. We'll bet she knows what end she's sitting on.

"Go West, Young Girls" and that we will. The class's only sunflower girl, Dottie Hall, is back in her sunflower state as Director of Corpsmen in an Army Hospital. Nice work.

At the post Marion Wellnitz is now running a food canteen for needy nurses. Cheesecrackers are $45.00 a dozen.

From Kansas to Oklahoma. Barb Wagman is still dancing—always facing West.

On to Arizona where Barb Shinbeckler is happily settled where it's dry and windless. Helps the hair, you know.

On the completion of her nursing and a trip to Europe, Barb Thorup, now Mrs. Ronald Johnson, is back in Chicago. She and her husband own a T. V. Station on top of the Wrigley building.

We're having trouble locating Pearl Barwick and Laura DeLong, who are touring the country in search.

Tuning in a Florida Station we see Phyl Paddock and her aviator husband getting ready to take off on a flight to Wyoming. They certainly are flying high these days.

We wondered at first, "Why Wyoming?" then remembered, and tuned in Al Grimson's and Norm Hayes' Rancho Rest Home for Aging Playboys.

Here's a bit of a novelty. You've heard of train stewardess nurses and plane stewardess nurses and now we are going to see and hear a submarine stewardess nurse, from San Diego, California. Phyllis Easter says, "It's just like working nights all your life."

We find Joyce Heacock sitting on a pile of unsold issues of "Cap and Cross" on State and Randolph. She is also trying to sell her own novel entitled "You'll Never Believe It," or "Three Years at S.L.H."

T.V. Newsflash! Elinore Birkholz will be unable to attend the commencement activities this year due to her busy preparation for her coming marriage to Aly Khan who has recently divorced Rita Hayworth, his second wife, in favor of the girl from the north woods.

Having seen or heard from all the '49ers, this ends our television broadcast of 1959.

At Home

1949A

Pearl Barwich
3316 Osborne Blvd.
Racine, Wisconsin

Barbara Brown
5441 Addison
Chicago 41, Illinois

Marybeth Coleman Curth
Flossmoor, Illinois

Laura Belle De Long
812 E. Pacific St.
Appleton, Wisconsin

Dorothy Dimock
6234 So. Harper
Chicago, Illinois

Elaine Fischer
1435 Munroe Ave.
Racine, Wisconsin

Patricia Gerhard
460 Maple Ave.
Winnetka, Illinois

Dorothy Krezevich Nitrius
Summit, Illinois

Mary Lee Morgan Hertzer
7514 W. 59th St.
Chicago, Illinois

Muriel Mass
417 9th Ave.
Buhl, Idaho

Jane Nottelmann
254 Michigan St.
Elmhurst, Illinois

Elizabeth Ross
1551 Fargo Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Barbara Schinbeckler Schnabel
Blackstone Mansions
5514 S. Blackstone
Chicago, Illinois

Margaret Schipplock Stuewe
10951 S. Talman
Chicago, Illinois

Marian Schulze Byrne
Palos Park, Illinois

Ada Thayer Kieth
109 W. Pembrooke
Tuscola, Illinois

Jeanne Watson Hawry
3357 W. 62nd
Chicago 29, Illinois

Hope Wilhelm Van De Werken
209 S. Sheridan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Jean Young Dvaci
Huffman's Trailer Court R No. 72
Rolla, Missouri

1949B

Loie Anderson
113 South East 7th Ave.
Bridgeman, Michigan

Elaine Bigger
611 Almyra St.
Menominee, Michigan

Elinore Jane Birkholz
Minocqua, Wisconsin

Ruth Bonthron
621 South East Ave.
Oak Park, Illinois

Donna Clark
1210 Van Wie Ave.
Rockford, Illinois

Joan Crabtree
330 South Kenilworth
Elmhurst, Illinois

Sis Kuh'mann Currie
111 Clara St.
Elmhurst, Illinois

Phyllis Easter
Ircquois, Illinois

Mar Mae Ebinger
422 Spruce Ave.
Aurora, Illinois

Lorraine Ferro
RR No. 4, Box 72
South Bend, Indiana

Gharyl Frye
203 State Street
La Porte, Indiana

Marion Gerken
2589 Brentwood West
Detroit 3, Michigan

Louise Giertsen
420 East 82nd St.
Chicago, Illinois

Alice Grimson
5830 Stony Island Ave.
Chicago 37, Illinois

Betty Jo Kraud Griswold
413 E. Cleveland
Monticello, Indiana

Joyce Lea Heacock
308 South Cherry
Paxton, Illinois

Norma Hayes
East Lynn, Illinois

Dorothy Hall
27 Grant Drive
Junction City, Kansas

Phyllis Paddock Hamilton
501 Portland Ave.
Morrison, Illinois

Joan Harlan
208 204th St.
Marshalltown, Iowa

Harriet Haugen
111 W. Gilman
Madison, Wisconsin

Katherine Hoeltje
718 Greenlawn Ave.
Peoria, Illinois

Mary Lou Jenkinson
2013 Farragut Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

Elaine Lindquist
7624 Aberdeen
Chicago, Illinois

Gini Myers
613 Somerville Ave.
Menominee, Michigan

Ruth Schulze Maxim
124 Iowa Avenue
Joliet, Illinois

Katherine Price
506 South 5th St.
Marshalltown, Iowa

Delores P. Sailor
4741 Jackson St.
Gary, Indiana

Rosemary Rearick
Walkerton, Indiana

Patricia Russell
(Mrs. Louis C. Anderson)
Champaign, Illinois

Jean Schweitzer
Malta, Illinois

Eleanore Spliethoff
20 W. Empire
Freeport, Illinois

Betty Lou Roosen Smith
Iron Mountain, Michigan

Lois Stafford
Harvard, Illinois

Muriel Stewart
716 Bellevue
Elgin, Illinois

Barbara Thorup
286 Noble Ave.
Lake Forest, Illinois

Barbara Tretheway
136 W. Arch St.
Ironwood, Michigan

Barbara Wagman
2130 W. 49th St.
Gary, Indiana

Joan Weiss
7144 South Jeffery
Chicago, Illinois

Marion L. Wellnitz
324 Union Blvd.
Michigan City, Indiana

Lois McCoy Wolff
4935 West Fulton Street
Chicago, Illinois

Beverly Zwick
409 Main Ave.
Kaukauna, Wisconsin

we realize that our three years are over—we are now graduates with many hopes for the future.

In Appreciation

Mrs. Febrow

Mrs. Bell

Miss McConnell

Mrs. Wickland

Gibson Studios

Leander Publishing Co.

And so many more too numerous to list, who gave of their time and talent to the completion of this book.

[DUPLICATE]

Sociology